

Assembly Reading Room
of Edmonton

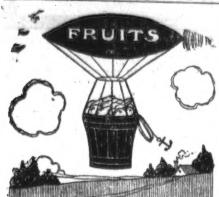
COLEMAN MINER

Volume 2, No. 27

Coleman, Alberta, Friday, July 9, 1909

\$2 00 Yearly

The Palm



COLEMAN JOTTINGS

Happenings of Interest in and Around This Bustling Town.

You Are Talked About

We shall thank our readers for all items of interest which they may be able to furnish us for publication. Phone 64A, P. O. Box 75

W. G. Norrie returned from visiting Ohio and other eastern states on Monday.

Andrew Stewart, of Victoria, B. C., is visiting his sister, Mrs. (Rev.) L. M. Murray.

F. S. Belcher, the R. N. W. M. P. inspector, came up from Pincher Creek on Sunday.

Teams and men are at work on the excavation of our new and spacious school building.

Victoria Rebekah Lodge will give an at home in their hall here on Tuesday evening next.

Mrs. W. L. Bridgeford went to Cranbrook on Monday and returned to town on Wednesday.

Carpenters are now busy on the tearing down of our old, and the building of our new fire hall.

A large number of miners have returned to Coleman during the week to take their old jobs at the mine. Many strangers who are desirous of making this town their home have also come.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Patterson, who have been visiting Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver and other cities on the coast, returned to town on Monday last after an absence of five weeks.

A visit to D. J. Hill's furniture department is worth while. That department is well stocked with high grade goods with prices that will compare favorably with those of any store along the Pass.

Read the new and all the other ads in this paper and do the same as people do in other new towns—patronize the merchant who patronizes the newspaper that devotes the greater part of its time to the upbuilding of the town.

The Soo-Spokane-Portland flyer was nearly ten hours late on Monday. With this exception, the C. P. R. trains have all been making exceptionally good time during the past several months, arriving within a minute of the schedule time.

The evening service at the Presbyterian, will commence at 7 o'clock on next Sunday, instead of 7.30 as heretofore. This, we presume will mean that the service will be over that much earlier—just before the arrival of the east bound passenger.

On Monday evening last when the west-bound flyer was passing between Blairmore and Coleman she was confronted by a cow which, inspite of the advice given by the engine to get off the track, contended that it had the right of way. The fly, however, thought different, and beef hash was the result.

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Evening Prayer, 7 p.m.

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BLAIRMORE.

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LIFE IN THE WEST INDIES

VISIT TO A SUGAR FACTORY IN JAMAICA.

Mills Work Night and Day For Two Months to Keep Up With the Harvests—Negroes Do the Work and Can Survive Terrible Heat—Two Years' Work and Six Months' Holiday With Handsome Income.

I was lying in a hammock swinging from two posts on the verandah of an old, simple house built of logs. Facing me was a sugar mill, a rambling, sweet-smelling clump of whitewashed stone buildings, peopled by a great cloud of busy, coal-black workers. The steady hum was drowned out on account of the distance by the echoes of the shrill voices of the negroes. On wagons, heavily-laden with new-harvested lumber, were crowded up the little paths leading to the factory, and unloaded their green freights to the accompaniment of a chorus of African music and the heavy noise of a dozen cracking whips. Only the hulking, oxen-like drivers and patient, were silent; everything else—the cracking wagons, the shouting drivers, the snapping whips, and the shrill-voiced workers—contributed the quota to the great avalanche of noise.

It was scarcely five o'clock, and the Jamaican morning was keen, the air crisp and pleasant; the sun had not yet given up a trace of its tropical strength.

Dew-mists smoked up to heaven; birds came to life suddenly, and there was light and life, and the laughter of the young girls. Carried by man thrilled with life. And I smoked tobacco and sipped coffee, realizing its fullest extent the infinite glory of a sun-kissed land.

Around the park is a wall of stone built in early English style, with half-timbering and in the lay-courses the crevices filled with great stones and rails removed or lakes formed, according to his caprice. The finest statuary and other ornaments that money could buy were brought from the coast of Europe.

Around the park is a wall of stone

of low-lying hills, acres and acres of cane—cane colored in the purist tints of green—spread unbroken almost to the sky line. To the right there are miles of terraced cane fields, half-hidden a hundred odd-shaped white and brown negru huts. The roads, winding here and there like yellow rivers, dashed dazzlingly as the sun grew stronger, and soon one could make out the crowds of black people hoeing newly-clearred fields.

And I remembered the night before. At midnight the gunners of the army, the world of workers crushing the juice from the cane, and laboring at fever heat to keep time with the demands of harvest time. For it is customary to have two months every year in Jamaica to work the sugar mill to work night and day in order that all the crops may be gathered and treated in due season. It is the period of plenty for the laborers, the period of plenty for the planter. I had seen the great furnaces fed with the fibre left by the rollers after all the juice had been crushed from the cane. I had seen a man standing in the darkness, open the iron door of the furnace, and stand by in the searching centre of the white-breath of fire, the flames leaping high, chemically fusing more fuel to the all-devouring flame. The closing of the door of this iron-cased fire had brought a shudder of chilliness even in the soft warm tropic night. He had seen the gods of the machinery, the chitter of the workers, the dull, agonized groanings of an endless carrying chain. It had seemed to him that the simple sugar cane, the simple product, had become supernaturally cleansing before it became sugar, and—that perforing essence of sugar—rum.

My host, the planter and owner of all these works, the sugar-maker and distiller of rum, appeared at my elbow. He sat beside me and talked, and his great mastiff, the pride of the island, curled at his feet and blinked keenly.

"Good morning, eh? Look at that wretched lizard stalking a fly already. Did good work last night—crushed forty tons. Let's have a gallop and then a swim in the oil reservoir." A planter's punctilio will have a look in at the old factory, and see that all those scoundrels are working—and breakfast? Mountain mullet and a grilled chicken. How tall do you think I am?"

We rode down the hill, and the cool air of the morning filled us with the joy of living. We galloped down a moist, swampy road, then along a paved, white road. The day insects began their matin song, and we jumped from our horses at the edge of a crystal pool. The plunge suggested to one of the company, representing the planters, a dash, taken after a good rub down, resplendently ambrasia. At a gentle amble we reached the factory and found all the scoundrels well and truly gorged with sugar. The officials towards industry, and we climbed the little incline and breakfast in the verandah. Mountain mullet and chicken and other things—yes, we did eat well, but the noise of the factory was swallowed by the music of the day, the world was filled with voluptuous indulgence of perfect contentment.

"You live well here?" I said.
"Yes," replied mine host. "It is a good life for a happy-go-lucky sort of chap. Two years here, and then six months in the old country, and c. m. over \$16,000 to \$20,000 a year to spend. We have our times of hard work, though. This is my busy season. I must go over the factory again soon. Smoke your tobacco and we'll talk about London some time—lately."

"Poor beggar. Doing well, though. Younger than I am, but bald; bald as a badger, and thin as a heathen opium-eating Chinese. And they say that Jamaica is worn out!" J.H., in Standard of Empire.

Scotland Yard. Scotland Yard is so-called because it is said to be built on a site occupied in former times by Scottish Ambassadors to England. The headquarters of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is located at New Scotland Yard, by the way.

GLASS HALL UNDER LAKE.
Whitaker Wright's Fine Estate
Bought by Lord Pirrie.

Lea Park, the magnificent estate of 500 acres, on which the late Mr. Whitaker Wright lived at White Surrey, has been bought by Lord Pirrie, the well-known shipbuilder. The sale includes 1,500 acres of land adjoining the property of the Earl of Derby.

The price paid by Lord Pirrie is not known, but when the estate came under the hammer in the summer of 1904 the bidding had reached \$725,000, when the vendor had suggested an opening bid of \$1,000,000.

The purchase recalls the tragic death of Mr. Wright, the financier, who committed suicide at the Old Vicarage, Buntingford, immediately before he was to receive payment for issuing false balance-sheets in connection with the London and Globe Finance Corporation.

In the planning of Witley Court, by which name it will now be known, Mr. Wright set out to construct a home for himself unsurpassable in magnificence. At the time of his death he had spent no less than \$5,500,000 upon it.

The estate extends from the village of Witley to the famous Hindhead Tunnel, and in the layout of the grounds the great estates and hills removed or lakes formed, according to his caprice. The finest statuary and other ornaments that money could buy were brought from the Blackdown and Hindhead, and the wooded downs of Surrey and Sussex.

The mansion was built of stone in early English style, with half-timbering and in the lay-courses the crevices filled with great stones, and rails removed or lakes formed, according to his caprice. The finest statuary and other ornaments that money could buy were brought from the coast of Europe.

Around the park is a wall of stone built in stone dressed stone, four miles long, which cost the financier \$185,000, and there are five stone lodges, which cost \$10,000 each. Among other remarkable features is a large hall constructed of glass under one of the lakes.

It is understood that Lord Pirrie proposes to develop the estate on the original lines, and that he intends to reside there. Work has already begun there.

Afghan Risings.

There has lately been a recurrence of outbreaks on the part of the armed gangs who infest the Afghan border, and more than one sanguinary encounter is reported. Mail news

with regard to a fight in Kohat district between a band of Khowstis and a small party of British police under a native officer, indicates that the latter behaved with great bravery, attacking a greatly superior force, and routing them with a loss of eleven killed. The raiders fought to their last gasp.

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furnaces fed with the fibre left by the rollers after all the juice had been crushed from the cane. I had seen a man standing in the darkness, open the iron door of the furnace, and stand by in the searching

centre of the white-breath of fire, the flames leaping high, chemically fusing more fuel to the all-devouring flame.

The closing of the door of this iron-cased fire had brought a shudder of chilliness even in the soft warm tropic night. He had seen the gods of the machinery, the chitter of the workers, the dull, agonized groanings of an endless carrying chain. It had seemed to him that the simple sugar cane, the simple product, had become supernaturally cleansing before it became sugar, and—that perforing essence of sugar—rum.

And I remembered the night before. At midnight the gunners of the army, the world of workers crushing the juice from the cane, and laboring at fever heat to keep time with the demands of harvest time.

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"At Moving Time"



"Letters That Ought to have Been Torn."

YOU have a disagreeable duty to do at 12 o'clock. Do not blacken 9 and 10 and 11, and all the better for the color of 12. Do the work of each and reap your reward in peace. * * * The best preparation is the present well seen—to the last duty done."

Thus says George Macdonald, the apostle of the present, whom common-place people heard gladly.

I borrow the bit of practical, "commonsense" wisdom as the starting point of what up to this date has been said by the housemothers who must migrate to other quarters just when the birds have come back for the summer and are chirping—why not the ordeal the old adage declares to be equal in distress and dejection to the drowning of the snake in the water in which they live, or who are settled for a term of years in leased lodgings made so pleasant by long residence that one forgets they are not one's very own property?—and the birds are in the bud and blossom season. Their less fortunate neighbor, who has known ever since Christmas that April or May will bring "exodus" in her calendar, is the penitent in George Macdonald's world-wide parish to whom I address my motherly counsel.

EVERY CORNER AND CREVISE

You may be about to exchange nests and what my wee grand-daughter *deserves* as "a real house of our own." Or improved financial status may justify you to transfer family and furniture to more comfortable quarters than those you now occupy. Nevertheless, the idea of the process is an abiding shadow. You think of it at your first awakening in the spring morning that comes so much sooner than you expect; the few hours of sleep that are demanded for foreboding and forecasting of ways and means of work that must be done and worries that may not be avoided.

Turn back to salient George's simple counsel. It upon the tablet of your heart, "It can begin in good time to 'tackle' singly the inevitable disagreeables. Get ahead of the task instead of letting it drive you. Begin operations at the earliest moment if you can get an astic. If not, commence with the corners and corners and cuddles that stand for the garret of better-lodged rubish. Get together all the unmistakable rubbish,

NO TIME FOR SENTIMENT

Despite your best efforts and reappearances of whatever may be catalogued as "trash," you will be surprised and shamed at the result of exploring into old letters and old letters that you ought to have torn across and consigned to the waste basket as soon as they were read; Christmas, visiting and postcards there was even less excuse for keeping; backless books and back numbers of magazines that had passed on to me, or to some other circulating medium, months ago; tattered music, and the miscellaneous mass of trifles that one seemed too good to throw away and which, though hastening the day, were always worthless to keep over night, prominent among them being broken china you meant to have mended, and children's toys you "just couldn't bear to part with" into the scavenger pile. While you regretted the absurdity of putting them away, I need not prolong the list. We "have all of us been there!" Leave the obvious lesson they teach for another day's consideration and make short work in summation of the unromantic job. While you are about it, think of nothing else.

Of course, there may be worse to come, but do not blacken the present tribulation with the color of tomorrow.



"Barrels Are Carefully Marked!"

"Each Book is Wrapped."

Linen and Blankets Are Next in Order

more thankfully than boastfully, that thus far not one piece has come to grief during this period.

First, we have six, eight or ten barrels, bought for a dollar apiece from the "protection" in a large quantity of newspapers, having begun to save them for weeks beforehand. For very fine and thin we have tissue paper, the best I have found, covering it with the newspaper, packed soft between the hands. Plenty of paper is used upon each article. All that belongs to each set of chin or glass is put into one barrel, which is then carefully marked. If more than one barrel is required for the set, the second barrel is marked in like manner. This saves time and cost. In unpacking, when the outer covering of excelsior is put into the bottom of the barrel and lines the sides. The same is done between the layers of paper-woven mats, bruising and scratching them as little as possible, and touching another, breakage is inevitable. Cushion all thickly and pack closely. It covers on the barrel, that the contents may not work loose in the transit. We have our cups, saucers, plates, etc., neatly in order. Old packing trucks are used in order to when we can span them. If not, we buy drygoods boxes for linens and for books. These last are laid close together in the cases. Several thicknesses of paper line the cases, and

each bound book is wrapped with paper to avoid abrasions.

Books are heavy cases. Books are heavier. If they are to be transported to another town or to the country, the cases should be banded with iron or wooden hoops.

Do not try to create fun with the children. Let them go to the handy man of the family, or, failing such a man, send for a regular workman in that line. Old clothes, carpets and curtains may be utilized in this work to protect fine furniture from rubbing and from dust.

Throughout the task "keep a quiet mind." And do one thing at a time. Hold the thoughts steadily to the idea

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

NOTABLE among the many good things that have conspired into the success of the *Housewives' scrapbooks* are "John's Wife's" doughnuts—the best that grow!—and your own French tapas.

"S.," of Chicago, writer of the *Housewives' scrapbooks*, makes, and when I am home, she makes and sends a sandwich to the bottom, and returns no other stirring after it has been heated. I have tried this, and for scrubbing, makes it not for clothes, for it makes it quite strong. You and "A" are right in your opinion that it does not wash out when the lace is washed, and that may be used when the lace is in featherly flakes.

"Mrs. H. A. asks what was packed in the boxes (foodstuffs) rises to the top. The specific gravity of the liquid is greater than that of the eggs, and soda last, and the eggs will rise to the top, and the soda will sift. The proportions generally used are one to ten, that is, one of each to two parts of water."

Now for one of the reasons that is extremely good, if the requests for copies from those who have once taken care made by it are correct:

Bread Cakes.

Two cups of "orange" two eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of lard, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda. Four for a stiff dough.

Mix the ingredients with the bread sponge in a large basin, add the soda last, after stirring twice with a spoon, and a slow oven.

In our estimation it is the equal of fruit cake, and more delicious. The longer it is kept, the more delicious. It should possess the editorial soul and what relief would come to hand and head were thousands of other constituents to copy the glorious example of this wedded pair.

Baked Apples.

I want to say a few words regarding "heavenly hash" or "ambrosia," as it is sometimes called, as it has been my hobby to make this dish. I have found it a most delightful fruit course to a dinner, served after a four or five course dinner.

"Dishes after dinner," say

baths the parts affected with a soft cloth and warm water.

J. and E. M. I have called this letter "delicious" because it affects the mouth and moral palate as dainty food the physical.

The picture of perfect unity in the domestic life of "John" and "Emma" is in itself charming and without of imitation. Their earnestness to lend a hand in the work of the household, appreciate the value of which they appreciate intelligently, and, last, the business methods that include, among other habits, the making of a list of purchases.

The possibilities of this dish are very great with an ingenious hostess; it is sometimes served in the banana skins, or grates

coconuts, and sweet oranges, names therein.

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Heavenly Hash! at Its Best

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and prompt delivery is our guarantee

Mrs. J. McAlpine

Proprietress of The

**PACIFIC
HOTEL**

Wishes to thank those Merchants, especially Mr. D. F. Hughes, of Crows Nest, B.C., who have been so kind to her during the strike. She also desires to thank the many people who have patronized her hotel and hopes that they will continue to come and that they will bring others.

Hotel Coleman**MUTZ & MCNEIL, Proprietors**

Rates, \$2 to \$2.50 Daily
Special Rates Given by the Month

Grand Union Hotel

ADAM PATERSON, Manager

Liquors imported direct from Europe

and guaranteed

Sparkling Wines
Scotch Whiskey

Brandy

Gin

Ports.

Cherry

Special attention to working men

\$1.50 Per Day

T. W. Davies
Carpenter and Builder of
Coleman

Wishes to thank his many friends for their kind patronage in the past and also wishes to inform the residents of Coleman and Blairmore that he has been induced to put in a stock of Caskets and will in future be prepared to undertake all arrangements for Funerals

COLEMAN MINER

Published by The Foothills Job Print and News Company, Limited

Subscription \$2 per Year in Advance

Advertising Rates on application

J. D. S. BARRETT, Editor and Manager

Coleman, Friday, July 9, 1909

RENEWED ACTIVITY

"All is ended now, the hope, the fear and the sorrow."

Once more the smoke issues forth from our towering stacks and blazing coke ovens and the merry evening whistle shrieks out its bulletin-like message, while a half a thousand blackened faces, sparkling with renewed vigor, present a cheerful and pleasing prospect. With the agreement signed another epoch has been added to Coleman's history, an epoch not mingled with riotousness or mob madness, but on the other hand tempered with cool and deliberate thinking on the part of the miners who with their families were the chief sufferers. After all that has been said and done, we naturally revert to the question, "What good has the strike done?"

After the storm there generally comes a calm, after a good well-fought fight there follows an understanding, which state describes the condition of affairs existent here. The miners have secured a written promise that no miner shall be discriminated against on account of membership in a labor organization and further the scale of wages shall remain the same as in the old schedule. The operators have secured at last tranquility and a clear and lucid understanding with the men, which the MINER hopes will continue so for many years to come. The country as well as the operators and miners have also been sufferers from the effects of the strike, so much so that a strong and growing public opinion is being formed that no doubt will cause a new law to be placed on the statute book, that any agitator or person who is not a resident and who holds no interest in the district where he advocates a strike, shall be arrested and duly punished. This law would prevent many unnecessary strikes and would be a decided advantage to the miner, who has intelligence enough, without agitators, to vote for a strike when he sees fit for himself to do so.

LILLE NOTES

W. E. Watkins, chief pit-bois, leaves here this week, and is succeeded by John Prentice.

Mrs. Patmore and Mrs. Patterson, of Frank, visited here last week, at the guests of Mrs. Pinkney and Mrs. Thompson.

The church services here are conducted by Mr. Sutherland, a young student, who preaches well and who, we doubt not, has a life of usefulness in front of him, as a minister of the gospel.

Sergeant Hazelton and Constable Chapman, left here last Saturday for Macleod, Constables Merson and Lee.

are still with us, and will no doubt be able to keep order, as little people are very quiet and well behaved.

Little people are all in good humor, now that the strike is over, and several miners keep coming in every day, chiefly those who have worked here before, showing that the men know a good place when they once find it.

Dominion day was spent very quiet in Lille, the most amusing incident being the breaking of a young horse. The animal was brought from the prairie and, naturally, was pretty wild. One young man, who professes to be a rider, having mounted, was quickly on the ground and the bronco went to the ground, was kept there for about ten minutes. This evidently cured him, as several riders mounted afterwards, and all managed to keep their seat.

SPORTS IN BRIEF

In the first day of the races at the Calgary exhibition a great surprise was sprung by Rosalita, the Blairmore horse, who defeated Preen, the Western Champion, in the 2 mile dash in the record time of 1-16. Preen went to the pole at 1 to 6 shot with even money for place. Rosalita was rode by Cocklin who got her away on a good start, holding a slight lead for the entire distance with Preen and Mineta close up. Mineta, the Spokane flyer, succeeded in nosing Preen out as they passed the tape. Those who were lucky to back up Rosalita made a clean up and the books looked sick.

The great race of the day was the Alberta derby. Irish Lad, the fast Macleod horse, went to the pole a favorite, while Greasy Pete, Landoff and Royal George were held about even pace. The race was a grand one with Greasy Pete, Irish Lad and Landoff leading alternately. Landaff made a great sprint on the home stretch and nosed out Irish Lad, winning the great race in 1-47. Irish Lad was second and Greasy Pete third. Royal George failed to show.

Notice to Creditors**Blairmore Cafe**

All creditors having claims against the Blairmore Cafe are to render their accounts on or before Wednesday next, July 14th, to

YUANG CHEE,
Coleman Hotel,
Coleman

Oats! Oats! Oats!!!

Oats For Sale. Apply to
M. G. GORDEN,
Lundbreck, Alta.

Arthur C. Kemmis

Barrister
Notary Public

Solicitor for the Union Bank of Canada

Hunter Block

Piner Creek - Alberta

Company and Private Funds to Loan

The Bellevue Orchestra

Open to engage for Balls, Dances, Concerts, Banquets, etc. Any size orchestra supplied. For terms apply

W. H. CHAPPEL,
Secretary, Bellevue.

CANADIAN PACIFIC**Excursion Rates**

From Coleman to

New Westminster

Belligham

Vancouver

Victoria

Everett

Seattle

\$27.90

Corresponding Rates from other points. Tickets on sale daily, May 29th to Oct. 14th. Final return limit 60 days, but not later than Oct. 31st. Liberal stop-overs allowed. For further information apply to Agents, or write

J. E. PROCTOR,

D. P. A., Calgary

New Jewerly Store.

J. B. Carlson
has opened up a Jewelry Store at
Pincher City, Alberta
and is prepared to
do all kinds of repairing
on short notice.

All work guaranteed. A trial
is all I ask. Prices reasonable

J. B. Carlson
Pincher City - Alberta

Town Lots**Houses and Lots for Sale**

In the cleanest and best town in
The Crow's Nest Pass

High Grade Steam and Coking CoalWe manufacture **The Finest Coke** on the continent

Correspondence solicited at the

Head office, Coleman

International Coal & Coke Co.

Limited

High-Class Work

If it is a high-class job you
want than send it to the
Job Department of the
Coleman Miner where it
will be promptly executed.

Advertise In this Paper it is largely circulated all over the District. Read by over 4,000 people

W. L. Bridgeford

" And still they come,
And still the wonder grew,
That one small store can carry all
they do."

Three reason's why people come to

"The Palm,"

- I. For quality of goods,
- II. For quantity of goods,
- III. For quick and courteous service.

Just one door west of Opera House.
Main Street.

This week preserve your strawberries,

Large quantities of this luscious fruit are now

On sale in the "Palm."

Trade at the Store
that serves you best.

That is here.

Morgan's

PINCHER CITY, ALBERTA

Greater Stock with
greater values than
ever

COMMENCING Monday, January 11th, we will offer the following prices on seasonable goods. We are overstocked on some lines and will give our customers a price unequalled in the district. We say unequalled because we know they are lower than the prices quoted at any sweeping reduction or clearing out sale.

Gents' Furnishings

A complete stock
which includes all the
new things

Your Winter Suit

We have in stock 60
Suits in Tweeds of
excellent designs at
prices ranging from
\$7.00 to \$10.00



Broadway Suits

In Scotch Tweeds,
West of England
Worsteads, and Serges
at prices that will
fit your pocket book.
Prices from \$12.00
to \$22.00

Overcoats

Boys' Overcoats at
\$4.50 and \$5.00
Men's Overcoats at
\$9.00 to \$15.00

SHEEP LINED COATS

English Corduroy, lined to bottom, wombat collar, knitted wrist, leather tipped throughout	\$8.50
Same in khaki duck	7.25
Duck Coats, regular price \$7.50, now	5.50

FELT SHOES

Men's Elmira all felt, sizes 6-11	\$1.05
Women's " " " 8-7	1.55
Misses' " " " 11-2	1.15
Childs' " " " 8-10 tipped	1.00
Infants' " " " 4-7 tipped	.90

SLIPPERS

Men's and Women's Felt and Felt Lined Slippers.
Ladies, your choice of all kinds at 85 cents. Men's, all
kinds, your choice, \$1.00

CAPS

All winter caps regardless of value at 80 cents

RIDING BOOTS

McCready's Riding Boots	25.00
Surveyor's Tan Boots	5.00

HEAVY RUBBERS

We are overstocked in Men's and Boys' one and two
buckle Heavy Rubbers, which will be sold at cost.

BOYS' UNDERWEAR

In sizes 24 to 32 at 75 cents per suit

Some may sell cheaper grades at a less price, but
none will equal the above prices for a similar
article, special sale or otherwise.

R. W. Morgan & Co.

PINCHER CITY - ALBERTA

The Lack Of a Nickel

By John Hasen Haskell.

Copyrighted, 1923, by Associated Literary Press.

Halloway landed breathless on the top step of the station just as the northbound express pulled out. He was already five minutes late to a dinner engagement, and he could have made it in ten if he could have caught that express.

He had visions of a pretty little woman in a violet colored evening gown tapping an impatient foot on the ornate rug in the corner of the library.

An empty express whizzed by on the other track on its way downtown; then a southbound local pulled in on the opposite track, and Halloway dashed and went on its way.

The passenger was a tall girl in gray, with a fluffy gray fur about her face and a big black hat—the dim light and the distance across tracks between revealed no more to Halloway.

She did not leave the platform, but sat down on the edge of a bench in the underpass, and Halloway, one who does not expect to stay long,

"Waiting for some one," said Halloway. He thought she must be pretty and wondered what color the hair under that black hat was.

Three or four minutes passed. The pair, divided by the glistening lines of rail, eyed each other covertly and tried to look like strangers. The right foot was tapping the floor, and she turned at every sound to peer down the stairs. At last she leaned forward and called across the chasm:

"Pardon me, sir! Can you tell me what time it is?"

Halloway stopped suddenly in his walk. This voice had a familiar sound. It was Edith's voice.

"Certainly. It is now ten minutes past 7," he called back.

He heard the girl gasp, whether in surprise at the hour or in recognition of his voice he could not tell.

"Thank you," she said after a second, then silence, and another empty express whizzed by.

After a few moments again. "Have you been here long?" she asked.

"Seven minutes or so."

"Did you happen—that is, you might



DICK HALLOWAY HEARD HER CRY—did you see—a—gentleman waiting here?"

Halloway was sure of the voice now and knew that she did not recognize him. "No; I am sorry to say I have not. You are waiting for some one?"

"Yes, but I am a little late, I fear. Are you quite sure your watch is quite right?"

"Quite so, I'm afraid. It was with official time at 6."

"Then you just the same," she said and sighed.

Halloway's express pulled in, and banishing the vision of an irate hostess, he let go without him. When the train had gone and the girl saw him still there she sat up very straight.

"Wasn't that your train?" she asked, with suspicion.

"Why, yes—no—that is, I am waiting for some one else," he lied cheerfully.

A long silence followed. Trains came and went; passengers alighted and disappeared down the stairs; theatergoers began to arrive and in due time were carried on to the city. Some man came to meet the girl, and still Halloway saw the uniform. He had let go to express trains go by now, and he meant to stay till he saw the girl safe aboard a downtown train; also he burned with an Othello-like desire to see who the "gentleman" might be.

When once more they had the platform all to themselves the girl spoke again.

"I am going to ask you a question," she said. "If a man had an engagement with a girl for 6:30 and she did not come till after 7, do you think he might not wait for her?"

"He might think she was not coming," Halloway replied.

"Do you think he might be late himself?"

Halloway looked at his watch. "Half past 7, well, hardly."

"Then I surely ought not to wait longer," said the girl and, rising, started toward the stairs. But suddenly she stopped with a little cry.

"What is it?" asked Halloway, forgetting everything but that this girl who was everything to him was in trouble.

"Oh, I just thought of something," said the girl. She walked slowly back to the bench and sat down, with her eyes bent on the bench in deep thought.

Halloway went to the edge of the

platform and leaned as far out as he could without falling.

"You are right, Mrs. Won't you let me help you?" he pleaded earnestly.

"Wh—thank you," she faltered. "I don't know—I think, maybe—" Suddenly she threw up her head and laughed. How that laugh went to Halloway's heart! "Well, the fact is," she continued, "that I was, I am sure of meeting you out in my glove—and I only slipped a nickel in my glove—and I only—well, you see, I have no car fare."

Then they laughed together.

That one word "cousin" was as balm to a wounded heart. Halloway knew this cousin well. He had boarded at the place where Halloway himself lived, and he had left him in jacket and trousers, his hand, lounging in his favorite Morris chair. It was a picture of "forgetfulness."

"Oh, if that's all," said Halloway. "I can just come over and escort you myself to where you wish to go."

The girl drew herself up with dignity. "I would not bother you," she said. "But if you would be so kind as to give me a card about a nickel and toss it across, and I will return it at the morning."

"Oh, certainly, if you prefer," said Halloway.

A happy thought struck him. In presence of hunting a card he stepped directly under an electric light, raising his head so it might shine in his face.

"D—mn it!" he grumbled. He turned, grimacing. She stamped her foot on the edge of the platform. "How dare you speak to me," she cried, "after I told you never to again?"

"My dear girl, I beg to remind you that you spoke first."

"Well, I sure I didn't know it was you."

"I expect I have changed a great deal in the last two weeks," said Halloway, with pathetic emphasis. The girl tapped her foot and said nothing. "In the meantime," he resumed, "may I ask, do you still want that nickel, or may I come over to your side and take you downtown to dinner?"

"Not now, I think you mean," he said. "I suppose I'll have to take the nickel, and as I have to go over there to get a train home you may meet me downstairs and have the pleasure of paying my fare for the last time."

"Very well. But you can't prevent my going out on the same train."

"I thought you were waiting for someone?"

"I was waiting to see the chap you were waiting for."

"Jealous?"

"I own it. Also that is what ailed me two weeks ago."

"You admit that?" asked the girl. "and all the rest—that you were wrong about the whole thing?" she asked again.

"That was wrong about the whole thing," said Halloway. "I wish you'd told me that a wash-a-go if you had given me a chance. Edith, the girl in the Princess of St. Henri, Montreal. Her work was of a finished character and might well be judged by professional standards, *etc.* Although previously unknown to the general public, the young woman at once sprang into

"Dick—oh, Dick," she interrupted, "come on to my side, and I'll go downtown to dinner with you!"

Teaching a Dog to Swim.

A good story is told of a well known timber magnate who one day recently a richly dressed middle-aged woman drove up to his school. She carried a poodle dog in her arms.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," she said. "I want to have my little doggie taught to swim. He might fall into the water some day and be drowned. Can you teach him?"

"I think so," said Mr. Jones.

"How much will it cost?"

"Edith, I don't see how I can do it for less than £5."

"Oh, thank you," she said. "And when could you give the poodle his first lesson?"

"At once, madam."

Suiting the action to the word, he took the "little doggie" from the arms of his mistress and pitched him some twenty or twenty-five feet out into the water.

"Oh, the darling!" half shrieked the fond mistress.

"Doggie" turned right side up in an instant and paddled back to the side. Mr. Jones lifted him out of the water, partially dried him with a towel and gravely remarked:

"Fine dog, madam. Most intelligent animal I ever saw. No trouble at all to teach him. Needs only two more to teach him. Need only two more to teach him, dog apart—say, too."

"Oh, thank you," she said. "And when could you give the poodle his first lesson?"

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"Doggie" turned right side up in an instant and paddled back to the side. Mr. Jones lifted him out of the water, partially dried him with a towel and gravely remarked:

"Fine dog, madam. Most intelligent animal I ever saw. No trouble at all to teach him. Needs only two more to teach him. Need only two more to teach him, dog apart—say, too."

"Oh, the darling!" half shrieked the fond

Why Not Fill Your Body With New Energy

And avoid the weakness and tired feelings of spring—You can do this by using DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

You need not be a victim of circumstances and suffer from the weakening and depressing effects of spring.

Tired feelings, headaches, indigestion and nervous troubles all fly away when the system is flooded with rich, red blood.

Blood and vigor only come after all the ordinary wants of the system are supplied. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so wonderfully successful as a blood builder that you soon begin to feel strong and healthy again.

By means of this great nerve treatment you can rebuild the body when it has been wasted by worry, overwork, lingering colds, or the depressing and debilitating effects of spring.

There is no reaction after the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food because it is not a stimulant. On the contrary, it is a blood-forming, system-building medicine, used by working men here with Nerve Food, having benefit to the system and thoroughly drives out weakness and disease by filling the system with new energy and vigor.

Mrs. H. A. Loxnes, nurse, Phillipsburg, Minn., "I am all the time rundown and could not do my own work. Everything I ate made me sick. In nursing others I had seen the good results of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and recommended it to my doctor in the result of which I have gained ten pounds, do my own work alone and feel like an entirely different person."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Impossible

"But why don't you believe that I have a friend who is much more beautiful than I am?"

"Because it is—I think that she should be a friend if she is really more beautiful than you."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one direct disease that is not curable, and that is Cataract. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to date. It is a constitutional disease, requiring a constitutional cure. It is not a disease of the eye, but of the entire system, acting directly upon the blood and mucous membranes.

Call for the disease, and give the patient a full course of Hall's Catarrh Cure, by a physician, and he will do his work. The proprietors have as much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Thousand Dollars Reward for the cure of any case of Cataract.

Send for list of testimonials. Dr. W. E. Hall, Toledo, Ohio.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Where He Would Be

"Give woman the credit she deserves," the suffragette cried, "and when she gets it, she'll be all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the poorhouse," answered a coarse person in the rear of the hall.

In the causes of infant mortality cholera morbus figures frequently, and it may be said that complaints of the bowels are great destroyers of children. If parents would avail themselves of so effective a remedy as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial many a little one could be saved. His Cordial can be given with safety to the smallest child, there is no injurious substance in it.

Prayers in Order

Boyce-Smith says that he is as good as his word.

Joyce—Then it won't be amiss to offer a few prayers in his behalf.

A woman's imagination is strong enough to make an unreal thing seem real to her than the real thing to a man.

Don't experiment with unsatisfactory substitutes. Wilson's Fly Pads kill many times more house flies than any other known article.

Many a woman who claims to be wedded to his art considers himself the better half.—Philadelphia Record.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Mrs. Boardman—"I ordered lamb and you sent me mutton." Butcher—"It was lamb when it left here, mutton."—Judge.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Believed by Medical Experts. Recommended by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Illustrated Eyes. Ask Druggists.

The pounding noise of a steam pipe can be obviated by attaching to the pipe a small check valve set to admit air, but not to release any pressure.

Even the man who is laying up treasures in heaven shouldn't allow his fire insurance to lapse.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

DR. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

BRIGHT'S DISEASES

DIABETES MELLITUS

W. N. U., No. 747

LONG AGO.

In the beautiful meadow of Long Ago, My mem'ry turns, with a longing fond, To the place in the meadows of Long Ago, Where willows flickered their shadows down.

On our ministered backs and our faces brown;

Where all day long in the sunny weather,

When you and I were boys together, We ploughed and splashed in the friendly pond.

In the lilled pond of the Long Ago.

Around its banks were deep, green grasses;

Photographed glimpses of cloud and sun;

And there, when the evenings were long and sweet,

We hurried and raced with eager feet, And laughted and shouted, and yelled and pointed.

When our shirts were knotted, or mine was flouted,

As we dipped and splashed in the waters sweet,

In the lilled pond of the Long Ago.

My breast is full with a heavy sigh When I think of its waters so calm and cool.

And I think of the days when you Stole out to truants away from school,

To leap and to run in the summer sun;

And muddy each other up, just for fun;

To harp for the bull frog's sudden hush,

As we caught the water with bound and rush,

And splashed till our bodies were all aglow.

In the lilled pond of the Long Ago.

But the lilled pond of the Long Ago Is lost and gone, and its bed is dry; No more, as once in the long ago, Will it catch the lights of a summer sky.

I grieved with grief at its empty bed, And felt that a dear old friend was dead;

No waters there but the tears that fell From eyes that always had loved it.

I looked my last, for I prized it so— The lilled pond of the Long Ago.

The hopes we cherished when we were young;

Our youthful love so fresh and fond; The songs we relished are now unsung;

Our hearts are dry as the dear old earth,

Our hopes are as dead as its old cat-tails,

Our lives are bruised as our dinner plates;

But as into the future we grope, We live for the better, and always hope,

And share our hearts with the hope and glow That flowered the pond of the Long Ago.

—The Khan.

The Indian and His Wives.

An Anglican clergyman, who for some years worked in the wilds of New Ontario, has this story to tell of an old Indian whom he converted. He was widely known for the truth that polygamy is practiced by some of the pagan tribes of Canada. The Indian in question was a fine old man, but he had adopted salvation the missionary in question learned that he had three wives. He endeavored to induce the old man to convert himself, with little success.

"My first wife old," he said; "Me turn her out, she starve."

"Our wives," said the missionary, "are as old as your first wife."

"And the third?" queried the missionary.

"My second wife, she strong," said the Indian. "She do all the work, couldn't do without her."

"The third?" queried the missionary.

"Ah, she nice girl," said the old man. "She only seventeen; we no part with her on any account."

Alberta Wheat via Mexico.

Mr. F. W. Peters, assistant to the second vice-president of the C.P.R., who has returned to Winnipeg from a trip to Mexico to investigate the proposal to ship grain to Britain by this route, says the outlook for Alberta wheat is distinctly encouraging. The route will be a very convenient one, though round about the Horn, even through the canal. It will be open the entire year. Wheat from Alberta can be put on the British market at the same rate as wheat shipped via the Suez Canal.

Alberta wheat is said to be the Atlantic route. Second Vice-President William Whyte, of the C.P.R., who was in Vancouver recently to settle details regarding the facilities for loading grain, said that the Canadian wheat affairs with the officials; intimated that some definite arrangement may be made for the completing of the Kootenay Central Railway from Golden to the coast. Capt. John Mac Whirter believes that Alberta export wheat is all destined to go through Vancouver, probably in sacks by the Tehuantepec route.

Pheasants in West.

It is reported, says Bally's Magazine, that the whole of Vancouver Island is now well stocked with pheasants which have long been thoroughly acclimated and are freely running in Vancouver, B. C. In 1883 C. W. R. Thompson of Victoria imported twenty-five pairs of Chinese birds, and in captivity till young had been hatched out and set all at liberty as soon as the chicks were strong enough. In 1886 Mr. Musgrave imported eleven more pairs, thus multiplying and soon these thirty-six pheasants the whole of Vancouver and many of the adjacent islands have been stocked.

LACK OF BLOOD.

What Causes Headaches, Dizziness and Heart Palpitation.

On the blood depends the welfare of the whole body. When good blood exists disease is unknown, but where the blood is poor and watery disease quickly seizes hold of the body—it is good to have good blood. Good blood can always be obtained through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They actually make the blood thicker and restore strength and banish disease. Mr. Herbert Hanson, Brewers Mills, N. B., says—"I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly. I was troubled with headaches, dizziness and loss of strength and had a headache every day. I feared I would not live to consume them. I tried a number of medicines without benefit, but was finally persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and used these Pills for several months with remarkable results. They have helped me so much that I now strongly recommend them to all my sufferers."

The experience of Mr. Hanson is that of thousands of others who have found health and strength through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after months of suffering. It is through their power in making good blood that these Pills cure such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, heart palpitation, neuralgia, nervous trouble and the distressing ill of girlhood not worth naming. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers in medicines or direct by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Possibly

Teacher—What do you conceive to be the motive that leads people to wish to open communication with Mars?

Young Man with the Lead Eyes—Young Man with the Lead Eyes.

I think they want to talk to Mars because every fruitful source of gossip on this planet has been exhausted.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 77, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. It is not worth the cost of a day to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child; the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Accidents Will Happen

"You didn't accomplish your long distance auto ride as quickly as you expected. Did you break anything?" "Yes, I broke a speed ordinance and it cost me some delay and \$20."

Soldied and Comforted.

At a lunch given in his honor Swen Hedin read an amusing letter written to him by Alfred Nobel at a time when Hedin was still a student, but already filled with a longing to explore unknown lands. He had told the government for funds, but the government was slow in coming in that he wrote to Nobel, who promptly replied: "I take no interest in these geographical exploration trips. In fact, I regard them as anachronisms. Men communicate with each other today from one end of the earth to the other by wireless telegraphy. The object of the expedition is to find out what is going on in the world. A few days later he came to see him.

All are agreed that the object is long in shape, and it is alleged to carry a searchlight. Several of those who saw it declare that it made a noise like a motor car, and traveled at a great pace.

Bustiest Spot on Earth.

Extracts from famous figures on the bustiest spot on Earth have been brought before Section 13 of the local legislation committee of the House of Commons, which had the city of London street traffic bill under consideration.

"Probably the most congested place in the world," was Forbes Lancaster's description of the area outside North Canbra and the surrounding district at different times has encouraged the belief that some mysterious airship is patrolling East Asia during the hours between sunset and sunrise. Considerable excitement prevails, and a keen watch is being kept.

Busiest Spot on Earth.

The bustiest spot on Earth is the city of London, which is said to be the bustiest spot on Earth. It is the bustiest spot on Earth.

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Quail from Egypt.

How Birds Are Trapped, Cared For and Transported Thousands.

For years past, requiring special conveyances, from Alexandria to London, by way of the Manchester ship canal, left Alexandria on March 25, and reached Manchester about a week ago. The birds were transported to special express for London. Twenty drays were required to convey them from King's Cross to their destination.

It is most extraordinary that although on many occasions search has been made, the breeding ground of the quail is absolutely unknown. They are trapped by Arabs, who deliver them in half dozen in boxes and barrels to the Egyptian Quail Company's collection, situated at tall stations on the Egyptian State Railways between Alexandria and Asyut and Khartoum, and sent to the workshops in Alexandria.

This warehousing is used exclusively for the purpose of keeping the quail until a sufficient number has been received.

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THE DOGS' CEMETERY.

Little-Known London Burial Ground For Canine Pets.

In an obscure corner of Hyde Park,

site of the Tyburn road, and near the

spot of ground known as "The Dogs' Cemetery."

Sheltered from observation

by tall trees its presence is never

suspected by the public, and yet it is

one of the strangest and most pathetic

monuments, inscribed with epitaphs.

The cemetery is now fully occupied,

and has been closed against more

burials.

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Some Remarkable Facts

Fine Artistic Printing

If you were ill and sent for a doctor wouldn't you have enough confidence in him to follow his instructions? Why, of course, any sane person would because he is a specialist and thoroughly understands your needs and will recommend what he knows to be best for you.

Will you not let this same reasoning apply to your needs in office and business stationery. The people that have seen our work say that we are specialists in this line. If you will put your work into our hands we will give you the best treatment possible. Our Job Work is the result of a careful study in the printing and advertising art worked out by thoroughly competent artists, with the latest styles of type and modern machinery to help them.

Plain Stationery

If it is plain private Stationery you want we have it and can supply you at a smaller price than anybody else in town.

Foothills Job Print & News Co., Ltd.

Head Office: COLEMAN, ALBERTA

S. J. WATSON
of Frank

Now has the finest drug store in the Pass and it will pay you to visit us. The thrifty householder is always on the lookout for bargains. We have something real cheap every Saturday. Our fancy goods are unequalled, both for price and quality. Over \$30,000 stock to choose from. Our clerks can speak French and German. We give the most careful attention to prescriptions.

Note the address, and don't forget Saturday—bargain day.

S. J. WATSON,
Frank, Blairmore.

E. MORINO

General Contractor in

Stone, Brick, Cement,

Excavating, Building

Coke Ovens a Specialty

All work guaranteed
See me for Estimates

**Coleman Liquor Store
In Your Trunk**

Snugly packed where it handy to get at is a good place to put a bottle of
Good Old Sherry
before leaving to take that trip. If you want to add a bottle of health invigorating Rye or Bourbon we can supply it. Our stores are the best places to get good liquors at. Prices are always reasonable.

W. EVANS
Wholesale Liquor Dealer

Saturday Specials

Spring Lamb
Spring Chicken
Fresh Turkey
Empire Creamery Butter
Fresh laid Eggs

P. Burns & Co.
Limited

Coleman

Livery

Every attention given to travelers and the local public

Reliable Horses, Good Rigs

General Draying Business Done

Wm. Haley, Proprietor

For Sale

Have closed deal whereby I can sell 320 acres war grant, \$1.00 per acre. Choose land any time up to and 1919. CAPTAIN COOPER, Box 412, Calgary, Alberta.

Coleman Laundry

Goods called for and returned

E. O. GOOEY, Proprietor



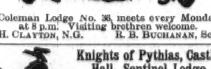
Summit Lodge, No. 30
A. F. and A. M., G. R. A.
meets first Thursday in
each month at 8 p.m. in
the Masonic hall. All visiting
brethren made welcome.

J. A. PRICE, W.M. A. M. MORRISON, Sec.



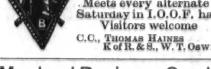
Coleman Aerie
1140, Fraternal
Order of Eagles
meets 2nd and last
Saturday in the hall
at 8.30 p.m. Visiting
members invited.

J. GRAHAM, W.P. H. GATE, Sec.



Meets every alternate
Saturday in LOOF hall
Visitors welcome

H. CLAYTON, N.G. R. BUCHANAN, Sec.



Knights of Pythias, Castle
Hall, Sentinel Lodge
No. 25

C.C. THOMAS HAINES
R. R. & S. W. T. OSWIN

Meets every alternate
Saturday in LOOF hall
Visitors welcome

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Saturday in LOOF hall
Visitors welcome

C.C. THOMAS HAINES
R. R. & S. W. T. OSWIN

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Hall, Sentinel Lodge
No. 25

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